University of Cambridge

Choral Award Auditions
March 2021

Unaccompanied Traditional Song
(Folk Song)

- Please perform one of the songs below in your Zoom audition.
- All the verses included in the edition here should be sung.
- You may use the editions here if you wish, or another version / edition of any of these songs.
- You may choose the performing pitch.

David of the White Rock

Drink to me only with thine eyes

Early one morning

Linden Lea

O Waly, Waly

Scarborough Fair

The Ash Grove

The Lark in the Clear Air

The Last Rose of Summer

The Salley Gardens

The Trees they Grow so High
Dafydd y Garreg Wen
(David of the White Rock)
(may also be sung in Welsh)

5 'Bring me_ my_ harp',_ was Da - vid's_ sad_ sigh,____
   'Last_ night_ an_ an_ gel called with_ hea - ven's_ breath:____

9   I would play one more_tune be - fore_ I_ die.  
   "Da - vid, play, and come_through the gates_ of_ death!"

13 Help me,_ dear_ wife, put_ the_ hands to_ the_ strings, 
   Fare - well,_ faith - ful harp, fare - well_ to______ your_ strings, 

   I__ wish_ my_ loved_ ones_ the bles - sing God brings.' 
   I__ wish_ my_ loved_ ones_ the bles - sing God brings.'
Drink to me only with thine eyes

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine; or leave a kiss but in the cup, and thee as giv-ing it a hope that there it

I'll not ask for wine, the thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink di-vine;

but might I of Jove's nec-tar sup I since when it grows, and smells, I swear, not would not change for thine.

of it-self but thee.
Early one morning

Early one morning just as the sun was rising I heard a maid

sing in the valley below: 'O don't deceive me!

O never leave me! How could you use a poor maiden

so? O gay is the garland and fresh are the roses I've
culled from the garden to bind on thy brow. O don't de-

ceive me! O do not leave me! How could you use a

poor maiden so? Remember the vows that you made to your

Mary, remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.

O don't deceive me! O never leave me! How could you

use a poor maiden so? Thus sung the poor maiden, her
sor-row be-wail-ing, thus sung the poor maid in the valley below:

'O don't de-ceive me! O do not leave me!

How could you use a poor maiden so?
Linden Lea

With-in the wood-lands, flow'r-y glad-ed, by the oak trees' moss-y moot; the shining

grass blades, tim-ber shad-ed, now do qui-ver un-der foot; and birds do

whis-tle o-ver-head, and wa-ter's bub-bl-ing in its bed; and there for

me, the ap-ple tree do lean down low in Lin-den Lea. When leaves, that

late-ly were a-spring-ing, now do fade with-in the copse, and paint-ed

birds do hush their sing-ing up up-on the tim-ber tops; and brown leaved

fruit's a-turn-ing red, in cloud-less sun-shine o-ver-head, with fruit for

me, the ap-ple tree do lean down low in Lin-den Lea. Let o-ther

folk make mo-ney fas-ter in the air of dark-room'd towns; I don't

dread a peev-ish mas-ter, though no man may heed my frowns. I be
free to go abroad, or take again my home-ward road, to where, for me, the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.
The water is wide I cannot get o'er, and neither have I wings to
fly. Give me a boat that will carry two, and both shall row, my love and
I.
O, down in the meadows the other day, gathering
flow's both fine and gay, gathering flow's both red and blue, I little
thought what love can do. O, love is handsome and love is fine, and love's a
jewel while it is new, but when it is old, it grows cold, and fades away like morning dew.
Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
she once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
without no seams nor needle work.

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land.

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
between the salt water and the sea strand.

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of lea ther.

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
and gather it all in a bunch of heather.

Then she'll be a true love of mine.
The Ash Grove

Down yon-der green val-ley where stream-lets me-an-der, when
Still glows the bright sun-shine o'er val-ley and moun-tain, still

twilight is fa-ding I pen-sive-ly rove, or
war-bles the black-bird its note from the tree; still

at the bright noon-tide in so-li-tude wan-der, a-
trembles the moon-beam on stream-let and foun-tain, but

mid the dark shades of the lone-ly ash grove. 'Twas_
what are the beau-ties of na-ture to me? With_

there where the black-bird was cheer-ful-ly sing-ing, I
sor-row, deep sor-row, my bo-som is la-den, all

first met my dear one, the joy of my heart! A-
day I go mourn-ing in search of my love; ye

round us for glad-ness the blue-bells were ring-ing. Ah!
echoes, oh, tell me, where is the sweet mai-den? 'She

then lit-tle thought I how soon we should part.
sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove.'
Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchant-ed as I
I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's ad-o-ra-tion; and I

hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day. For a
think she will hear and will not say me nay. It is

ten-der beam-ing smile to my hope has been grant-ed, and to-
this that gives my soul all its joy-ous e-la-tion, as I

mor-row she shall hear all my fond heart would say,
hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
So soon may I follow when friendships faded and gone;
No flower of thy kindly circle lie.

All her lovely companions are scattered withered and fond ones are flown;
When true hearts lie nigh to re-dried bud is o'er the bed where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

Who would inhabit this bleak world alone?
The Salley Gardens

Down by the sal-ley gar-dens my love and I did meet; she_

In a field by the ri-ver my love and I did stand, and_

passed the sal-ley gar-dens with lit-tle snow-white feet. She

on my lean-ing should-er she laid her snow-white hand. She

bid me take love eas-y, as the leaves grow on the tree but_

bid me take life eas-y, as the grass grows on the weirs; but_

I be-ing young and fool-ish with her would not a-gree.

I was young and fool-ish, and now am full of tears.
The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green, and
many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen. Of a
cold winter's night, my love, you and I alone have been, whilst my
bonny boy is young he's a growing,
growing, growing, whilst my bonny boy is young he's a-
growing. O father dear est fa ther, you've
done to me great wrong, you've tied me to a boy when you
know he is too young. O daughter, dearest daughter, if you
wait a little while, a lady you shall be while he's-
growing, growing, growing, a
lady you shall be while he's growing,

send your love to college all for a year or two,

then in the meantime he will do for you; I'll

buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonny waist to

let the ladies know that he's married,

married, married, to let the ladies know that he's

married. I went up to the college and I

looked over the wall, saw four and twenty gentlemen playing

at bat and ball. I called to my true love, but they

would not let him come, all because he was a young boy and

growing, growing, growing, all be-
cause he was a young boy and growing.